

The SHEPHERD'S *h*
G A R L A N D.

Furnished with some delightful

NEW SONGS. 68

- I. The Shepherd's Lamentation.
- II. The Deserter's Lamentation.
- III. Poor Anthony Misfortune.



Licensed and enter'd according to Order.



The SHEPHERD GARLAND, &c.

The Shepherd's Lamentation.

ONE Morning as I did pass by
 A pleasant Bower, I did espy,
 With pretty Blossoms fresh and rare,
 That drew my Heart into Despair.

Shepherd, Shepherd, I pray thee stay,
 Did not thou see her go this Way?
 Where is she gone, can't thou not guess?
 For I have lost my Shepherdess.

Her Hair is neither black nor brown,
 Her Head is fitting to wear a Crown,
 With Forehead high, as white as Snow,
 Her pretty Eyes like Diamonds shew.

With handsome Chin so nigh her Nose,
 Her Breath as sweet as the Damask Rose;
 Her charming Lips no Man tell,
 Her pretty Tongue that ne'er spoke ill.

With Milk-white Skin, whiter than Snow,
 Her Belly as round as the Globe,
 With a handsome Grove that grows below,
 But what you call it I do not know.

With a handsome Thigh and Knee the nex
 Her Legs are made of the finest Wax;
 With

With a hollow Heel and a handsome Toe,
The Ground is blest where she doth go.

How oft have I wash'd the Ways below,
With Tears that from my Eyes did flow; O Y
The Tears I have shed is all in vain, I
Love is the Cause of all my Pain.

I wish I had never lov'd none at all, I to ei T
Since Love has proved my downfal; O
Oh! *Cupid*, come and set me free,
And seize on her that hath seiz'd on me.

With Drops of Blood I'll write a Sheet,
And send it to my Love so sweet:
If for her Sake I could but swim,
The Seas all o'er from Brim to Brim.

My dearest Dear don't from me fly,
Nor kill me with thy Cruelty;
But pity me once more, I pray,
And do not take my Life away.

Hard is thy Heart, harder than Steel,
Harder than Frost or Ice to yield ; O
How oft is this that thou dost make
My Heart to bleed for thy sweet Sake.

The Gods above look down and see, I
The parting of my Love and me; For the
As the Sun departs, Clouds in the Sky, Which
So this Day parting makes me die.

I wish I was betwixt her Breast, O
Much sweeter than the Phoenix Nest,
My Love lies closed in her Charms,
O let me die within her Arms. Tis.

The Deserter's Lamentation.

YOU Soldiers all where e'er you be,
I beg you'll Warning take by me;
And never from your Colours fly,
'Tis for Desertion I must die.

O wild *Hugh Ste'en son*, is my Name,
From *Ashbone* in the Peak I came,
And at the Age of Seventeen,
I fell in Love with *Molly Green*,

She was a Beauty I declare,
She came from *Whitchurch* in *Shropshire*,
She was an Angel in my Eye,
Which caus'd me from my Colours fly.

Long Time I woo'd her for her Love,
But she did still unconstant prove,
O then I soon did entertain,
To cross the roaring Ocean Main.

But when I came upon the Seas,
I could not get one Moment's Ease,
For she was daily in my Eye,
Which caus'd me from my Colours fly.

O then I did return again,
Unto the proud and scornful Dame,
Desiring she would not disdain,
A bleeding Heart and dying Swain. *Ste'en*

Ste'enson, says she, I pray forbear,
 I know you are a Deserter;
 And if my Parents they should know,
 They soon would work your Overthrow.

At Willington, near Nottingham,
 I put my Trust in a false young Man;
 I took him for my Friend to be,
 And he like Judas betray'd me.

From January to July,
 I on the Boards and Stones did lie,
 Praying to Heaven Night and Day,
 To take the Thread of Life away.

Then a Court-martial they did call,
 And I was brought before them all;
 'Twas for Desertion they did me try,
 The Court-martial adjug'd me to die.

O then bespoke the President,
 Desiring that I might repent;
 He said, I've done the best I can,
 Although you are a dyling Man.

Twenty-five Days I had to live,
 And Bread and Water did receive;
 The Clergy they came twice a Day,
 And for my Soul did daily pray.

O Lord, O Lord, it grieves me sore,
 To lay my Bones upon the Irish Shore;

Then General Piercy aloud did cry,
You by the Law of Arms must die

Then at the Time from *England* came,
The Duke of *Devonshire* by Name,
Our Lord Lieutenant for to be,
And he from Death did set me free.

When this Lord appear'd in the Land,
I wrote to him with my own Hand:
Desiring that his Grace would save
A dying Mortal from the Grave.

But when he look'd these Lines upon,
And found it was his Countryman:
He said, I'll ease him of his Care,
And send him Home to *Derbyshire*.

O then he gave a strict Command,
For to release him out of Hand:
A free Discharge to me he gave,
And his Grace my Life did save.

Whilst I live, I am in Duty bound,
To kneel and pray upon the Ground,
That when he dies, without controul,
Sweet Jesus may receive his Soul.

You Soldiers all where e'er you be,
That hears of my sad Misery
I beg you'll Warning take by me,
And so I end my Tragedy.

Poor Anthony's Misfortune.

WAS there ever a man,
So plagued with a wife,
As I poor Anthony am ;
I am weary of my life,
By marrying of a wife ;
I cannot please her do all that I can.

Six days in the week,
My bread I have to seek ;
I always am endeavouring to please,
Yet she scolds and she brawls,
She swears she will have all ;
And she swears I'm bound to maintain her.

For when she goes to dinner,
You would think the devil's in her,
Neither roast meat nor boil'd will content her ;
And when that she's done,
She will give to me a bone,
And she lays I may think it an honour.

But when she goes to supper,
She is always in a splutter ;
It is more than I can do to wait upon her,
To some tavern or some play,
She doth ramble night and day ;
To drink wine with some gentleman or other,

Now all you young men,
Where ever you be ;

I beg you will take my advice;
Pray take a special care,
You be not drawn into a snare,
When once you are ty'd to a wife.

For if by chance,
To the ale-house I go,
A night for to drink with a friend,
She curles and she swears,
And she pulls me by the ears,
And swears that my life she will end.

Please come cold death,
And stop the bitch's breath;
And then my sorrow will be o'er,
I'll spend my nights and days,
Among the roving blades.
And never will be married more.

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F I N I S

Из истории японской литературы

What's your pet?